

Eleven's day off by thegoddessinzerogravity

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Canon What Canon, eleven has fun!

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven (Stranger Things) & Lucas, Eleven (Stranger Things) & Mike Wheeler, Everyone & Everyone

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-08-25

Updated: 2016-08-25

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:52:58

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,486

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

the demogorgon isn't kidnapping people anymore, the Upside Down is safely locked away, and Eleven considers what to do next.

Have fun, obviously.

Eleven's day off

"El! El, look! It's snowing!"

Eleven looked up at the mention of her name, and carefully unfolded her body from the couch cushions to join Will at the window. He had his face pressed eagerly against the glass, and was wearing a huge grin. Eleven peeked out next to him, and saw the huge, blurry white expanse covering the world.

She jerked back in shock, stumbling into Will and sending both of them to the ground. Will twisted around to look at her, a confused look on his features. "It's just snow, El. And it's outside, so we won't get . . . oh". He paused and rubbed the back of his neck. "I guess you've never seen snow before."

She shook her head, standing up from the Will-and-Eleven pile on the ground and edging closer to the window again. "It's like . . . soft white powder. And it's cold. You go out and play in it and you can make stuff out of snow too!"

"Play-dough?" (Dustin had introduced her to play-dough a few months ago, and she'd been instantly obsessed.) Will scratched his head. "Not really. I think it's like crystals?" Eleven stared at him, and then returned her gaze to the rapidly-falling snow outside the window.

"I'll ask Jonathan." He turned away and ran down the hall to Jonathan's room, and a few seconds afterward Eleven tore her eyes away from the window and followed at a slower pace.

Will was already in his brother's room by the time she arrived, and Jonathan had turned around with a pleased smile to see his younger brother (and adoptive younger sister). "Jonathan! Eleven's never seen snow before, can you explain how it works? It's like crystals, right? Little cold crystals."

"Sort of? I was never very good at weather at school. It's like . . ." Jonathan leaned back in his chair, a thoughtful expression on his face. "So, the clouds are made of teeny-tiny little water drops, right?"

And when it gets cold, the water drops freeze. And because they're heavier when they're frozen, they all drop to the ground at once. That's snow."

Will triumphantly turned to Eleven. "See? And it's soft and packable, so you can make stuff with it and have fun." Eleven frowned at him thoughtfully.

"Ice cubes."

"Just like teeny-tiny itty-bitty ice cubes, yeah!"

"If you two are gonna go play in the snow, put on your coats," Jonathan warned. "No one is getting frostbite on my watch."

Will turned to look at her eagerly. "Let's invite Mike and Lucas and Dustin over! We can have a snowball fight! I'd have to ask Mom first, but I'm sure she'll say yes!"

Will turned around and ran back to the living room to wait for Joyce to come back, and Eleven turned to watch him. Jonathan laughed. "He's a fast kid. Joyce'll be coming back soon, if you want to wait with him."

Eleven wasn't entirely sure what a snowball fight was, but she thought it was a fight like how the boys played Dungeons and Dragons, where no one got hurt and it was all for fun, so she padded back into the living room to wait for Joyce's return.

By the time she got there, the woman in question was already swinging the door open with an arm full of groceries. Her hair and coat was dusted with snow too, and Will was already prancing around her, talking a mile a minute.

"So can we invite Dustin and Lucas and Will over or maybe we can go over there! Eleven wants to too, pleeeeeeease? It'll be so much fun!" Joyce set down the bags and faced the two children in the room. She bent over and pecked Will on the forehead, making his face scrunch up, and walked over to Eleven to affectionately ruffle her hair. In the months following Will's escape from the Upside Down, Eleven's hair had grown out into a soft bob that fell down to her ears, and Joyce

was quite fond of ruffling it.

"Call the Wheelers, they live next to a nice big hill to play on. And if you do, put on a coat. It's cold." Will threw his arms around their mother's waist in thanks, and bolted over to the phone to call Mike.

Eleven wandered over and tugged on Joyce's shirt, causing a few of the remaining snowflakes to melt on her hands.

"Snowing."

Joyce gave her a wide grin. "It certainly is. I love the snow, I always have." She wrapped her arms around Eleven's slender shoulders and squeezed tightly. They spent a few minutes like that, watching the snow fall, until Will whooped loudly from the phone and leaned over to call out to them. "Mike's mom says yes! El let's go now-" He put the phone down and tugged El out from their mother's embrace, carefully pulling her over to the coat hanger.

"This coat is mine, and that one was mine last year. It's a bit small for me, but it'll still fit you 'cause you're skinny." He plucked a bright green jacket off the wall and pushed it at her, and Eleven wiggled her arms through the sleeves, enjoying the smooth texture on the inside and the whooshing noise it made when she pressed down on it. When she emerged, Will had put his coat on too and was standing by the door, waiting for her.

"Bye-bye."

"See you later, Mom!"

"Call me from the Wheelers if you want me to come pick you up, okay? It's coming down fast. And don't stay outside too long!"

After Will and Eleven had slogged through the snow to reach Mike's house (it was too slushy for bikes, Will claimed) Dustin, Lucas, and Mike were already waiting for them at the hill.

"Finally!" crowed Mike, running up to them. "What took you so long?"

"We couldn't bike through the snow, dummy." Mike noticed Eleven standing behind Will, and gave her the special smile he only gave

her. Lucas walked over to say hello too, but Dustin crept behind at a much slower pace. He had a clump of snow in his right hand, and was sneaking up behind Mike. When he noticed her looking, he made a "shhhh" gesture, raised his right hand high, and whipped the ball of snow at the back of Mike's head.

Eleven covered her mouth to stop from laughing as Mike toppled into the snow in shock and Dustin and Lucas cackled with laughter behind him.

"Thanks, El! You're the best!" Dustin gave her a gap toothed smile, and she shyly smiled back at him. Mike popped up from the snow, spluttering furiously at him. "Traitor!"

"I think you mean winner-"

Mike lunged at him but missed, and slammed into Lucas instead. Both boys went crashing down, and Will turned to Eleven with a smile. "*This* is what you do when it snows."

He picked up a handful of snow and heaved it at Dustin, who was watching Lucas and Mike wrestling in the snow, and it caught him right on the nose. Soon enough it had turned into an all-out war, and although Eleven had never thrown a snowball before she learned fast, and was quickly aiming snowballs with frightening accuracy.

She smacked Mike in the cheek and collected a reply in the stomach, and managed to make Lucas squeal surprisingly high by shoving a handful of snow down his collar, and he got revenge by smushing some into her hair.

Within an hour, every kid was soaking wet, breathless, and happier than they'd been in months. Eleven was flopped over in a pile of snow, a causality of Will attempting to get the upper hand by tackling her into ground. Lucas sat up, and said, "So who won?"

"I think El wins," Dustin commented. "She got all of us at least once."

Lucas rolled his eyes. "Using the Force to win doesn't count."

Eleven sat up in indignation. "Didn't cheat!"

"Throw another snowball at him, El." She considered it, but then decided her arms were too tired to toss another. She glanced up at Mike hopefully instead. "Inside?"

Mike nodded, and stood up to offer her a hand. "I'm freezing. Let's go see if my mom or Nancy will make us hot chocolate."

"Eggos?"

Dustin snickered. "You don't eat Eggos in the afternoon, dummy." Eleven pouted, but she stopped once she noticed Mike was still holding her hand, even though she was standing up now. Dustin, Lucas, and Will were still arguing about who won in front of them.

Her head was still stinging slightly from Lucas' revenge snowball, but she didn't care. Her brother was safe, Dustin and Lucas were staggering around in the snow laughing at each other, and Mike was holding her hand. She gripped his fingers harder as they set off towards the Wheeler's house, a sudden feeling of lightness in her chest.

Author's Note:

my sweet daughter deserves all the best things in the world

I went back and forth on tenses for this one, as i was tempted to make it first person like it was in my first ST fic, but than decided not too.